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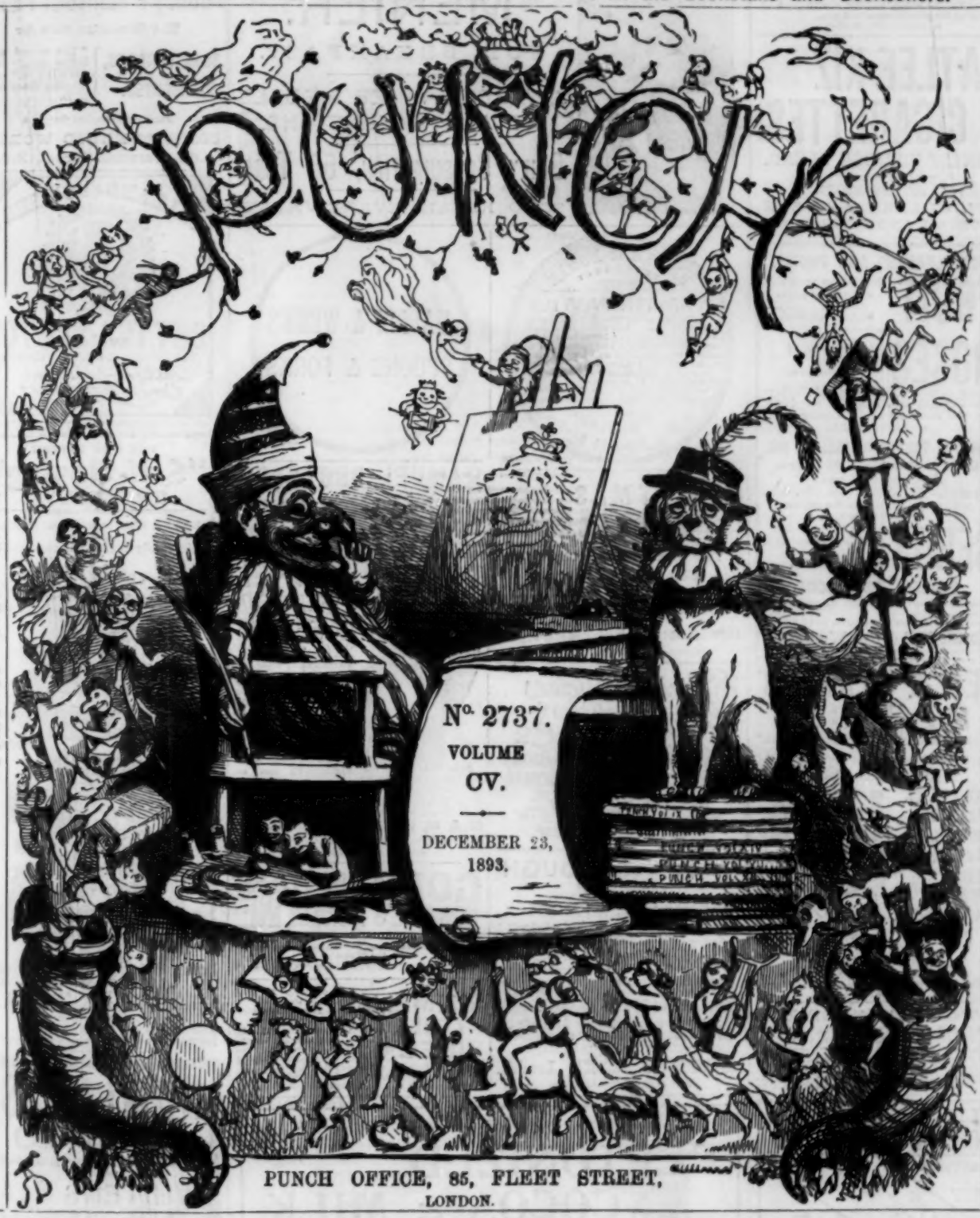

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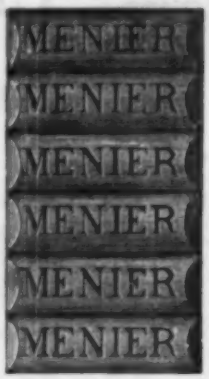

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THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(*By Cunnin Toil.*)

No. VII.—THE STOLEN MARCH.

I THINK I have already mentioned in the course of the articles which I have consecrated to the life and exploits of PICKLOCK HOLES that this extraordinary man was unmarried. There was some mystery about certain love-making episodes in the early stages of his career which nothing could induce him to talk about. If I ever chanced to mention the subject of matrimony in his presence, a hard, metallic look came over his features, and his lips closed with the tightness and vehemence of a pair of handcuffs. Naturally, I was not encouraged by these symptoms to pursue the matter. However, from what I have since been able to glean from other sources, I think I am justified in saying that HOLES was at one time, while quite a young man, engaged to the daughter of an eminent church dignitary, a charming girl who united good looks to a comfortable balance at her bankers. One morning, however, HOLES, whose mind was constantly occupied in the solution of deep and complex psychological problems, suddenly startled Miss BELLASYS by informing her that from certain indications he had concluded that she had two large moles on the upper portion of her left shoulder-blade. It was in vain that the unfortunate girl protested with tears in her eyes that she was ignorant of this disfigurement; that, as a matter of fact, she had the best reason for believing that no such moles existed, and that, if they did, it was not her fault, but must be due to a momentary oversight on the part of her nurse, a woman of excellent character and sound church principles. HOLES was, as usual, inexorable.

"My dearest ANNABELLA," he observed, "I am never mistaken. Within the last ten minutes while I have been discussing with you my new theory of clues I have noticed your left eye—the right I cannot see—slowly close twice, while at the same moment your head drooped on to your left shoulder. Thus you were twice blind on the left side. Moles, as we learn, not merely from books on natural history, but from our own observation, are blind. You have, therefore, two moles on your left shoulder. The fact is indisputable."

Terrified by this convincing demonstration, poor Miss BELLASYS released the great detective from his engagement, and retired shortly afterwards from the world to enrol herself in the ranks of a nursing sisterhood.

These, I believe, are the facts connected with my friend's only engagement, and I merely state them here in order that the deeply-interesting story of his life may be as complete as laborious and accurate research on my part can make it. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the man should have been to some extent soured by the tragic termination of a love affair which seemed full of the promise of happiness for all concerned.

But it must not be supposed that the life of PICKLOCK HOLES was entirely destitute of the domestic joys. He would often tell me when we met again after an interval during which he had disappeared from my ken that he had been giving the old folks at home a turn, and that he felt himself in a measure re-invigorated by the simple and trusting affection lavished upon him by his family circle. I gathered that this consisted of his father and mother, Sir AMINADAB and Lady HOLES, his two younger brothers, curiously named HAYLOFT and SKAIRKROW HOLES, his widowed sister, Mrs. GUMPSHON, with various children of all ages left as pledges of affection by the late Colonel GUMPSHON of the Saltshire Bays, as gallant an officer as ever cleft the head of an Afghan or lopped an Egyptian in two. Often had I felt, though I had been far too discreet to express it openly, an ardent desire to become acquainted with a family which, if I might judge by my friend PICKLOCK, must be one of the most remarkable in the world for brain power and keen intelligence. My wish was to be gratified sooner than I looked for.

One evening, as HOLES and I were sitting in my bachelor rooms in Belgrave Square, there came a sudden knock at the door. We were smoking, and I remember that HOLES had just been explaining to me that it was customary to infer an assassin from the odour of Trichinopoly, whilst a Cabana denoted a man of luxurious habits and unbridled passions. From Bird's-eye tobacco a direct line of induction, he said, brought one to a Cabinet Minister, whilst Cavendish in its uncut stage led to a mixture of a smuggler, a Methodist minister, and a club-proprietor in reduced circumstances. I was marvelling at the singular acumen of the man when, as I say, there came a tap at the door, which interrupted our discussions. The door then slowly opened, and a small female child, of a preternaturally sharp expression, slid, as it were, inductively into the room. It was the youthful ISABEL GUMPSHON, one of HOLES's nieces. "All right, ISABEL," said the great detective, "we will come with you;" and in another moment a swift four-wheeler was conveying us to Fitzjohn's Avenue, where Sir AMINADAB and his lady had their dwelling-place.

No sooner had we arrived than I felt that we were indeed in a home of mystery, to which the Egyptian Hall of Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE was a mere baby. There was in the air a heavy odour of detection, a sort of clinging mist of inductive argument, a vaporous emanation of crimes logically discovered and inferentially revealed, a pervading miasma of obtuse police-inspectors relieved by complimentary magistrates and eulogistic judges. The description may seem highly-coloured, but it represents with literal accuracy the impression made upon my mind by my entrance into the ancestral mansion of the HOLES family. Nor was this impression removed as we ascended the stairs. On the first landing we found Mrs. GUMPSHON engaged in teaching her youngest boy, AUGUSTUS O'BRIEN GUMPSHON, a correct system of guess-work. The boy, a bright little fellow of five, was at that moment in disgrace. He had courageously attempted to guess his mother's age, and having in an excess of rashness fixed the figure at forty-two, he had been severely punished, and was at that moment languishing in a corner of the landing. In the drawing-room we found the rest of the family. Sir AMINADAB, it appeared, had murdered the footman some ten minutes before our arrival, and had contrived by the aid of a pair of blood-stained braces, which were one of his most cherished possessions, to fix the guilt upon Lady HOLES, in whose basket-trunk, moreover, the dismembered body of the unfortunate menial had been discovered by the cook. The ingenuity of this diabolical plot had for some nine minutes baffled the whole family. Lady HOLES was just about to resign herself to the inevitable arrest, when HAYLOFT HOLES, with an appearance of calm nonchalance, eminently suited to his impassive features, had produced from his father's waistcoat pocket two of the unfortunate footman's silver buttons, and had thus convicted Sir AMINADAB of the crime. As we entered the drawing-room we were almost overwhelmed with the shouts of joy that welcomed this wonderful exhibition of the family talent. SKAIRKROW HOLES, who was of a more reflective turn of mind, had, it seemed, been looking out of the window at the passers-by, and had just proved triumphantly to his youngest niece, JEMIMA, that a man whom she had taken for a vendor of cat's meat was in reality a director of a building society who had defrauded the miserable investors of fifty-two thousand pounds, eighteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny It was into this happy family party that HOLES and I, led by ISABEL GUMPSHON, intruded on the memorable evening of which I speak.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.—There are, it seems, rumours about to the effect that my marvellous friend, PICKLOCK HOLES, is dead. Some even go so far as to assert that he never existed. I leave these two factions to fight the matter out. If he is dead he must have existed; if he never existed he cannot have died. This shows the folly of relying on rumour.—SAMUEL POTSON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG.

(*The Up-to-date Version.*)

OH! pity the lot of a harassed Lord Chancellor,
Suffering badly from too much to do.
Appointments to give, and appointments to cancel or
Magistrate making, not knowing who's who.

Work of a quantity highly distressing,
Jack-like it's dull with all work and no play.
I start in the morning when hurriedly dressing,
And stick to it then for full twelve hours a day.

Selecting with care and the utmost propriety,
I wade through long lists of the would-be J.P.'s,
Who wish to be benched for the sake of Society,
Till I sigh for repose and a quantum of ease.

It's hard—ANANIAS would hardly deny it,
After all it's £10,000 a year at the most.
Resignation's a virtue. I'm minded to try it;
A chance for some aspirants—who's for the post?

MOTTO FOR EDITORS OF VERY-LATEST-NEWS-EVENING-JOURNALS (*hard up for a paragraph*).—"When in doubt play JABEZ BALFOUR."

MRS. R. ON THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.—"Hanging's too good for such a scoundrel," said Mrs. R., indignantly; "but they don't hang in France, so the wretch will be taken and gelatined."

THE WERE-WOLF OF ANARCHY.

"BUSINESS FIRST."

Favourite Son of M.F.H. (to old Huntsman). "NO, SMITH, YOU WON'T SEE MUCH MORE OF ME FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON; IF AT ALL."

Smith (with some concern). "INDEED, SIR. 'OW'S THAT?" *Son of M.F.H.* "WELL, YOU SEE I'M READING HARD."

Smith (interrogatively). "READIN' 'ARD, SIR?" *Son of M.F.H.* "YES, I'M READING LAW."

Smith. "WELL, I LIKES TO READ A BIT O' THEM PERLICE REPORTS MYSELF, SIR, NOW AN' THEN; BUT I DON'T ALLOW 'EM TO HINTERFERE WITH A HONEST DAY'S 'UNTIN'."

THE WERE-WOLF.

[Anglo-Saxon *wer*, a man, and wolf—a man in the form of a wolf.

"The garments are changed into hair, his arms into legs; he becomes a wolf, and he still retains vestiges of his ancient form. His hoariness is still the same, the same violence appears in his features; his eyes are bright as before; he is still the same image of ferocity."—*Ovid, on the metamorphosis of King Lycaon into a wolf.*]

WOLF! Wolf! The cry that wakes
The slumbering shepherds, shakes
  The faint-hearts of the fold with shuddering fear.
The flock's ferocious foe
Compassion doth not know,
  His breathing's heard, his furtive footfall's near.
It is no season for slack guard,
But watchful care and unrelaxing ward.

This is the Man-Wolf, theme
Of ancient classic dream,
  And mediæval myth, at last made fact.
Worse than the lupine pest
Upon whose hoary crest
  Old monarchs laid a price! 'Gainst him a pact
Of all the peoples must be made;
Rapine's his life, red ruin his dread trade.

The old grey wolf who prowled
Around the fold, and howled
  Impotent rage to the black wintry skies,
Was no such foe as this,
Our Were-Wolf, whom the abyss
  Of yawning chaos looses, whose red eyes,
Half human and half bestial, glare
Malignant menace from his secret lair.

Such subter-human guise,
Such fiercely fiendlike eyes,
  Arcadian Lycaon, Jove-changed, bore
When mortal hate took on,
At the Olympian frown,
  Its fitting shape. The lessons of old lore,
Magic-divested, myth-stripped, still
Commend themselves to human wit and will.

Humanity must urge
Against this lupine scourge
  Civilisation's forces banded close.
The watch-dogs, as of old,
Must guard the human fold
  Against this last and worst of order's foes;
And the world's sleuthhounds led by Law
Must hunt this Were-Wolf of the insatiate maw.

Hunt him from every lair,
Till, outlaw everywhere,
  This friend of carnage and sheer chaos finds
A foe at every turn,
A foot to crush or spurn,
  The warning cry of "Wolf!" on all the winds.
And wheresoe'r the ravener stray
Civilisation's light must search—and slay!

"TRÈS BANG!"—To T-M SM-TH, of the Wholesale Crackery Warehouse, with *Mr. Punch's* compliments. Certainly, at Christmas-time, T. S.'s crackers "get the pull!" At least, so says his Lordship the pop-ular Bishop of Go-BANGOR.

Dr. R-bs-n R-se

(In the "Fortnightly" this month).

To be in perfect health live well and wisely:
This just sums up my article concisely.

QUITE ON THE CARDS.—In last Saturday's *Daily Graphic* there was an interesting picture on a pretty subject, to which was subscribed the legend: "The New Governor of the Isle of Man being Sworn in at Castle Rushen." Suppose by some printer's-devil's error the "at" had been placed before the "in"! "O what a difference in the morning," when it would have read: "being Sworn at in Castle Rushen."

DUCAL DOINGS.

"Lord A. B. C. will return to town to-morrow." — [*Any "Fashionable Intelligence" column.*]

I 'M but a plebeian, I know,
But feelings as ardent as mine
May feel a legitimate glow
On reading this eloquent line;
Though Fate has denied me as yet
A fame or a fortune renowned,
By items like these I can feel when I please
An aristocrat down to the ground!

The fact that I never have seen
The gentleman mentioned—as soon
I 'd fly as distinguish between
Himself and the Man in the Moon—
Has little to do with the case;
My knowledge, I frankly confess,
Of the doings of those who our "classes" compose
Is wholly derived from the Press.

But eagerly over my tea
My eyes on this column I cast,
I read of engagements to be,
Of dances and *fêtes* of the past,
I learn with the deepest regret
That the Duke of X. Y. is unwell,
And with pleasure I glow that the Marquis of O.
Has dined with the Duchess of L.!

In fact, as I muse in a dream,
The charm that this column extends
Makes all the nobility seem
My intimate personal friends;
Political leaders are bosh,
And Foreign Intelligence stuff,
Just print up to date the deeds of the great,
And I shall be happy enough!

MR. LECKY AND THE SCOTCH.—Dear *Mr. Punch*,—If Mr. LECKY is deserving of censure, surely some public notice should be taken of the insult offered to the Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and Manx nations by Lord NELSON in his celebrated signal. That signal should surely have run:—"England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man, expect that every man this day will do his duty."—Yours truly, AN INDIGNANT MANXMAN.

MOTTO FOR HAIRDRESSERS.—"Cut and comb again!"

PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

OWING TO HIS NOTORIOUS ECCENTRICITY THEIR RELATIONS WITH THE LOCAL MAMMOTH WERE SOMEWHAT STRAINED.

BANK HOLIDAY BEAUTY.

(*Protest by a Pretty Girl at the Crystal Palace.*)

THAT "Beauty 's decaying among us!"
By certain old fogies we're told.
Many poets have ceaselessly sung us!
But then even poets *grow old*.
SMELFUNGUS has "been to the Palace,"
And Beauty, he thinks "going out."
Now can it be folly or malice?
Is he blind, or bald-headed and stout?
I think 'tis most likely the latter.
He's fifty, no doubt, if a day.
Yes, that I suspect's "what's the matter";
And then, who cares what *he* may say?
When he went to the Palace of Crystal,
He puffed, I've no doubt, and swigged port,
And what wonder then if he missed all
The Vision of Beauty at sport?
At Kiss in the Ring we were playing,
He envied us, that's where it is,
Because if near us he came straying
He KNEW we'd refuse *him* a kiss.
And so (as TOT puts it) he "telled a lie,"
To cover his nasty mean spite.
No, pessimist purblind and elderly,
Our looks weren't in fault, 'twas your sight!
What with Tennis, and one thing and t'other,
We're prettier than ever all round;
I 'm nearly as strong as my brother,
Tall, straight, nimble, healthy, and sound.
And as to my teeth!—you don't know them,
Or else you have told what's not true;
You'd retract, were I only to show them,
And I feel I *could* show them—*at you!*

EVIDENT.—In drinking the health of the Italian Parliament, the Toast of the evening ought to be,—as indeed every Toast when well done ought to be,—"*Crispi.*"

AN ODE OF ODOURS.

(*A Poem of Recognition.*)

OH, what is this faint perfume that I smell,
And smelling seem, somehow, to know so well?
What recollections should it start again,
What memories of the past bring in its train?
Is it a whiff of country come to-day,
Of mangel-wurzels, or of new-mown hay?
Or was it when She witched me with a glance
The subtle odour reached me—at the dance?
Where'er it was, I 'm certain that I know it,
As certain as I am I 'm not a poet,
But stay, was it when influenza gripped us?
It was! *Eureka!* Yes, it's Eucalyptus!

On Certain Philistine Pedagogues.

GREEK and Philosophy but tire and twist 'em.
Duncedom they praise, and dub it "democratic,"
And their abuse of the great Attic system
Is systematic!

MEM. FROM ACCRINGTON.—Liberal party in a fix here. Naturally anxious to keep a LEESE-hold on the constituency, it looks a little awkward to pose as the labourer's friend, and at the same time to keep (HERMON) HODGE out of Parliament!

MEM. BY A HORSE-BUYER WHO HAS BEEN "HAD."—"Novice" does not always mean no vice.

MUSIC AND LAW.

DURING a recent trial, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, the plaintiff, testified that his work was worth to him about thirty-nine pounds per diem. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Justice LAWRANCE, "if you write a good many (what?) it is better than——" Whereupon interposed Mr. PAUL TAYLOR, Counsel for the plaintiff, "Better than the Bar, my lord." (*Laughter.*) Why, of course, Mr. PAUL TAYLOR! Was there no one in Court with knowledge of the simplest arithmetic sufficient to inform you that to work at *several bars* must be worth much more than to work at *one Bar?* Hasn't Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, by composing the lightest possible operas in the world, achieved that best of all "possible probable" tunes, a for-tune, that even a judge, whether of music or at law, might envy? Why, certainly. And the GILLIVAN-SULBERT Savoyards could, if they liked, tell Judge LAWRANCE that "thirty-nine pounds per diem" is not an over-estimate of the share apportioned to each of the three leading scions of the House of the Savoy, composer, librettist, and manager, during the run of one of their real successes, such, for example, as was *The Mikado.* 'Tis a pity Composer SOLOMON did not call Composer SULLIVAN to testify to what might be the pecuniary value of a successful composition. We wish the deserving TAYLOR better luck with the next suit he takes in hand.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GOOD supply of all sorts of game at Christmas, and especially from the preserves of Messrs. DE LA RUE. Try "Animal Snap" and see how you like it. Thanks to DEAN AND SON—*i.e.*, Senior DEAN and Junior DEAN—for their *Golden Hours*, *The Prize*, *Peeps into Paradise*, and *The Venetian Blind Moveable Picture Book*, the last being the best of all. And DEAN's Cracker Toy-books will certainly go *off* well. *As we Sweep through the Deep.* "Quite the right publishers for tales of the sea are 'NELSON AND SONS,'" quoth the Baron, "and no doubt they hope that every man will do his duty at Christmas time and go in for Nelsonian boys and girls books." "*As we Sweep*" is by that true Horse Marine (if there is anything in a name), yclept Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

The Baroness recommends *The Rosebud Annual.* A lovely posy of pictures and tales to be found on the shelf of JAMES CLARKE & Co., Publishers, and, the Baroness supposes, Nursery Gardeners. "Natural this," quoth a Baronite, "here is a *Miss Parson's Adventures* told by a Clark RUSSELL!" If you want it send to CHAPMAN AND HALL. And all the Baronites say many thanks to MACMILLAN & Co. for a delightful new edition of Miss MARY MITFORD RUSSELL'S *Our Village.*

Our compliments to Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON on *A Tragic Blunder.* A blow given by mistake to the wrong person nearly ruins the entire happiness of several people, but it all comes right at the end of two vols. from Mrs. CAMERON'S pen. It is a nice light entertainment with which to while away an hour or two.

"I like *Richard Escott*," says the Baron, laying down the Macmillanitish one-volume novel of that name written by E. H. COOPER. "It is an interesting story, and might be the first of a series similar to the *Rougon Macquart* family, as, when this tale finishes, there are sufficient *Escotts* alive to carry on the story of their family through many generations, only, unfortunately, the date of this story cannot be taken further back than, say, about ten years ago, if that. To give the family breathing-time, we should require some stories about the ESCOTTS under Queen ANNE and the GEORGES, and then we could return to the fortunes of the sons and daughters of the *Richard Escott.*

"With fear and trembling, yet with a sensation of enjoying some secret wicked pleasure," quoth the Baron, confidentially, "I retired with Mr. ASHBY STERRY'S *Naughty Girl* into my *sanctum*, which, as its name implies, is just the very place to which I ought to retire with a young lady bearing such a character.' *A Naughty Girl* is published in the "Modern Library Series" brought out by Messrs. BLISS, SANDS, AND FOSTER; and how happy would SANDS be—run out, of course—and where would FOSTER be unless foster'd by the other two—without BLISS, who makes quite a little 'eaven below of this Publishing Firm. Blissful must have been Mr. ASHBY STERRY'S state when he wrote so excellent a Dickensian description, as he has done in the earlier part of this book, of Boxing Night at Drury Lane, and when he gave a finishing touch to this story in showing how *Beryl* and *Jack* were brought together in spite of a temporary misunderstanding and estrangement. "Bravo Pantalaureate of many a frilling poem! A Happy Christmas to you and your readers!" quoth the warm-hearted and appreciative BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR"'S THEATRE.

As in the case of the old farcical play *The Three Hunchbacks*, on which an *opéra bouffe* was founded, and of all plays ancient and modern depending for their success on the exact physical resemblance existing between three distinct persons, directly the audience has grasped the fact, they enter heartily into the humour of the complications. Now, in *Tom, Dick and Harry*, the audience, having once mastered and allowed the given thesis, viz., that Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Mr. ERNEST PERCY, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR are so exactly alike that even their own wives and sweethearts are unable to distinguish one *Antipholus* from another *Antipholus*, and both or either from a third *Antipholus*, then the fun of the confusion gains upon them, and Mrs. R. PACHECO'S three-act farce at the Trafalgar Square Theatre gives the spectators fits, which assume the proportion of convulsions of laughter absolutely dangerous to the safety of various individuals. For this deponent can testify to the effect of the fun of the farce on a small boy in a box, who literally jumped with joy—quite a little Jack-in-the-Box—and in his excitement would have precipitated himself into the stalls, but for the united energies of the family party, which retained him amongst them by sheer force. He had been less wildly enthusiastic about *Pickwick*, owing, perhaps, to the restraining appearance of *Tommy Bardell*, whose presence on the stage the Boy in the Box might, perhaps, have been inclined to view with disfavour, though giving a rapturous welcome to Miss JESSIE BOND'S charming impersonation of *Mrs. Bardell*, to Mr. LITTLE'S life-like *Pickwick*, and to Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY'S sentimental but sulky *Baker*. However he made up for any show of envy towards *Tommy* by cordially applauding Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON'S catching melodies, which are not less humourously than skilfully orchestrated; and his (I am still speaking of the Boy in the Box) genuine applause throughout the evening quite led that of the house, and was a real treat to witness, culminating as it did in a volcanic eruption of irrepressible joy at the conclusion of the second act of *Tom, Dick and Harry*. Miss VANE FEATHERSTON, the Misses ESMOND and WILLIAMS, the ever-clever Miss SOPHIE LARKIN, in a difficult part, Mr. W. F. HAWTREY as *Dr. Wagner*, the Specialist—specially good—and Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP, who quite revives the otherwise worn-out peppery stage-Indian General of old Haymarket and Adelphi farces,—all do their very best, and, with Mr. C. HAWTREY,—make the piece what it is, a thorough-going success. At least such is the opinion of THE OTHER BOY.

An "Up to Date" Young Man.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

SCENE—*The Dormitory of St. Peter's College.*

FOR three or four centuries Westminster 's taught us
To struggle with TERENCE and wrestle with PLAUTUS;
This time the *Trinummus* once more reappears,
With a "run" on the boards of two thousand odd years.

Alma *Mater* of Comedy truly 's the "Dorter,"
Where long may each *rôle* find a youthful supporter!
If ever from "college" they 're driven away,
The Queen's Scholars' fate were "All work and no Play!"

SEASONABLE DUETT FOR THE ZIERENBERGS (*adapted for their use by Henry Labouchere, Esq., M.P.*). "Home, Home, Home, Sweet Home!"

TOAST FOR THE INHOSPITABLE.—"Friends—*at a distance!*"

"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

"SO YOU AND GEORGE HAVE BEEN STAYING WITH MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS SIR ISAAC AND LADY LINCRUSTA WALTON! DIDN'T YOU FIND THEM VERY NICE TO YOU?" "YES; ESPECIALLY WHEN WE WERE LEAVING!"

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Father Neptune loquitur:—

JOHN BULL, my friend, if an ear you 'll lend
to your true old messmate Neptune,
It may do you good. We are mates in mood, and our hearts have always kept tune.
The Isle that 's right, and extremely tight—which I trust that mayn't mean "groggy"—
Is our care, old chum! Well, the outlook 's rum, and the prospect rather foggy!
Oh! keep on your hair! There 's no cause for Scare, though some party men, and papers,
Do their best to raise a new Naval Craze. These be old, old party capers;
For your angry Outs *always* swell with doubts, whilst the Cocksure Ins, complacent,
Swear that cause for care may be found—Nowhere, or the parts thereto adjacent.
You are not so green that mere party spleen, and the bogus bosh of boobies,
Can play the fool with your judgment cool; 'tis a richer dower than rubies.
Still a Fleet, old boy, is no party toy, no theme for factious scoffing,
And—well, JOHN, I spot a tremendous lot of "furrin'" ships in the offing!
Keep a weather eye upon sea and sky, and I think JOHN, altogether,
You will deem it right to get all things tight, and prepare for dirty weather.
"Britons never, never," sounds bold and clever; Britannia won't act as "slavey,"
But if "Missus" would keep her "home on the deep," you *must* keep up a spanking Navy!
Statistics fog, and there 's no such boy as the brain of an average Briton
When his Naval Nobs, and Finance Dry Bobs have got their fighting fit on.
They talk great bosh, half their "facts" won't wash, and as to their figures endless,—
If from stern to stem you could see through *them* you would *have* more, JOHN, and *spend* less!
A word in your lug! There is no Hum-bug like that of a Naval Oracle,
When he 's "out in the wet"; on that you may bet—ah! an ironclad to a coracle!
He *may* mean well, but The Truth to tell in a fashion straight and steady,
Without "cavort" or a "list to port," is as hard—as song to a Neddy!
JOHNNY, old boy, you must just employ *your own wits* on this business;
Party debate will addle your pate, *ex-parte* "facts" bring dizziness.
Look for yourself, and you 'll save much pelf, and good value get for your money,
Squelch party fudge, be your own best judge, and you 'll floor the croakers, JOHNNY!

Still, JOHNNY mine, on my breadths of brine, you must keep first place, or perish.
'Tis with that thought you have paid and fought, and that thought you still must cherish.
Better plank down your last half-crown, than lose the Crown *I* gave you,
Let gold *and* blood flow in full flood, than let the foe enslave you!

A rhyme, a rhyme for the Christmas time! It may not, JOHN, sound jolly,
But to pipe and dance *whilst your foes advance*, were the maddest sort of folly.
With pockets full Peace's pipe to pull, or to sip your grog and slumber,
Is nice; but you 'll wake to a huge mistake *if your foes your Fleet outnumber!*
Get your Fleet, old man, *cheap* if you can, but at all costs *get your Fleet*, JOHN!
Ships, guns and crew more than any two of the foes you are like to meet JOHN!
Take your old friend 's tip, let *no* chance slip, and be foiled by *no* pretence, JOHN;
Keep eye on the foe, build all you know, and big big D the expense, JOHN!

OUR BARTERERS.

BICYCLE.—Thoroughly heavy, lumbering, out-of-date machine, recently doctored up to look like new, for sale. Cost, second-hand, six years ago, £4. Will take £12 for it. Bargain. Would suit a dyspeptic giant, or a professional Strong Man in want of violent exercise.

SAFETY CYCLE.—Pneumatic tyres. A real beauty. Makers well known in Bankruptcy Court. Owner giving up riding in consequence of the frame being thoroughly unsafe, and the tyres constantly bursting. Would exchange for one of BROADWOOD'S grand pianos or a freehold house in the country.

TURKEY CARPET.—Never used, as seller is not an absolute fool. Wretched condition guaranteed. As it has been kept for a year or two in a mouldy attic at a second-hand furniture shop, it is simply teeming with moths, but it is confidently anticipated that it will not fall to pieces in time for a purchaser to detect the fraud. Price, only double that of a first-rate new carpet of same kind.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A ten-pound note will buy my genuine Spiderette Arabesque Dunmow Beestof a Patent Safety Tricycle. Weighs only sixteen ounces. Seventy-four championships won on it, including that of Sierra Leone. Runs away up-hill. Impossible to stop it down-hill. Folds into a small biscuit tin. Every part equally fragile. A collar-bone and six ribs broken off it in one week's practise. Made at Coventry, and ought to be sent there. First applicant has it.

"A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA."

Father Neptune. "LOOK HERE, JOHN, THERE'S A JOLLY SIGHT O' THEM FURRIN' CRAFT ABOUT, TAKE A TIP FROM YOUR OLD FRIEND—BUILD ALL YOU KNOW—AND *DASH* THE EXPENSE!"

TO BOBBY.

(*To the tune of "To Tommy."*)

BLUE BOBBY, brave and strong,
They begin to right your wrong.
Silent shoes, and now revolvers! That will do!
Now I hope you'll make things plain
To the brutal burglar train;
And, Bobby, *Punch's* best respects to you!

May "tips" swell your smallish pay
On the coming Boxing Day;
(For I know they're rather screwy with your "screw.")
Shod and armed upon your round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Bobby, JOHN BULL's best respects to you!

THE LILLY'S LESSON.—MR. LILLY, in the *New Review*, reminds DIVES that "there is no excuse for riches which are divorced from public obligation." This cuts deeply! Possibly DIVES would retort upon the author of "Shibboleths" that riches *require* no "excuse." At any rate we do not often find men making excuses for being rich, though apologies for poverty are common enough. All the same, *Mr. Punch* would strongly recommend DIVES—especially at this festive season—to "consider the (W. S.) LILLY"!

"A LONG BREAK."—*A propos* of our picture in last week's issue, we have received the following suggestion:—"Sir, if MR. GLADSTONE, the great billiard player, wishes to continue his 'long break,' wouldn't it be advisable for him '*to take a rest.*'—Yours truly, BREAKERS A. HEAD."

AT THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

First Litigant. "I'M BANKRUPTCY. WHAT ARE YOU?"
Second L. "I'M DIVORCE."
First L. "THEN YOU STAND LUNCH!"

SEASONABLE REFLECTION.

(*By an Old Fogey.*)

WE are hearing a lot of "the Buffer State";
Faith! it comes to us all—after Forty-eight!
When from gout, and the pretty girls' scorn, we suffer,
We have all arrived at the state of the "Buffer."

"FOR THIS RELIEF—MUCH THANKS." *Shakspeare.*—A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently complained of the disappearance of "Thank you," and the substitution of "Thanks" and "Thanks awfully." Why not? It is but a revival of the ancient Latin form "*gratias*," and surely plural "Thanks" indicates indefinitely more thankfulness than an uneffusive, frigid, singular "Thank you," signifying "I thank you." Let us be Shakspearianly classical, as in the quotation above given, and say "Much thanks." So again, "I am poor in thanks—but I thank you." Here the relative value of the plural and the singular in thanks is well brought out.

BALL *VERSUS* BALL.

LYTTELTON and LANG—with all
Whom pure prejudice can't fetter,—
Say—concerning games at ball—
Golf is good but Cricket better.
Wisdom owns an ounce of practice
Worth a ton of theory. Fact is,
Those who set that saw a-run,
Had not seen a LYTTEL-TON!
Who performs as well as teaches,
And can practice what he preaches.

"AFTER THE BALL" IN PARIS.

MY DEAR MONS. PUNCH,—I am delighted! I am overjoyed! Why, your Oxford College has accepted the challenge of our Racing Club to play a game of *kic bal* this month of December! It is good! It is very good indeed! It makes cold, so I can not go for to see the sport.

But permit me, I would propose these rules in the cause of humanity, for the sake of civilisation. I give them below. They are not many:—

Proposed Rules for "le jeu de kic bal" between Oxford College and Racing Club.

1. No kickers to approach closer to one another than six yards distance.
2. The scrimmage to be interdicted. Sergent de ville to be on guard on the ground to prevent assaults even of the most trifling character.
3. Boots not to be worn, but dancing-pumps.
4. The players to wear fur-lined coats, and to take arm-chairs on the ground for their comfort.
5. The "kic bal" to be made of inflated india-rubber, with a hole in the centre, so that it shall collapse without causing injury.
6. No game of "kic bal" to last more than five minutes, and after every game a pause of one hour to be permitted, so that the players may have necessary rest and proper refreshment.

And yet one more suggestion. But this shall not be a rule but only an offering. I make you a present of the idea—so charming—as a compliment of the season. Let the goals be made of Christmas-trees, let the "kickers" be covered with holly and mistletoe (like your "Jack-in-the-Green"), and instead of a brutal, rough, hard, uncomfortable globe of leather, let the "kic bal" be a veritable plum pudding!

Your hand! I wish you "Joking Christmas Amiable New Year." Your friend—and brother, "gentlemans ridere,"

Paris in December. (*Signed*) JULES.

NEWS FROM MONTE CARLO.—Mr. J-HN M-RL-Y is, we are glad to hear, much better. *Rouge gagne.*

A WINDY CORNER AT BRIGHTON.

(*By an Impressionist.*)

OLD lady first, with hair like winter snows,
Makes moan.
And struggles. Then, with cheeks too richly rose,
A crone,
Gold hair, new teeth, white powder on her nose;
All bone
And skin: an "Ancient Mystery," like those
Of HONE.
Then comes a girl; sweet face that freshly glows!
Well grown.
The neat cloth gown her supple figure shows,
Now thrown
In lines of beauty. Last, in graceless pose,
Half prone,
A luckless lout, caught by the blast, one knows
His tone
Means oaths; his hat, straight as fly crows,
Has flown.
I laugh at him, and—— Hi! By Jove, there goes
My own!

MOTTO FOR LADY CHAMPAGNE DRINKERS.—"Sweetness and light!"

THE BLUE BELLES OF SCOTLAND.

(*Latest press version from the Modern Athens.*)

SCENE — *A Dressing-room.* TIME—*The Present.* CHARACTERS—*A* Mistress *and her* Maid.

Mistress. Now then, MARY, you really must make haste or I shall not be in time. Have you got my latest bonnet from Paris?

Maid. Yes, Madam. I told JOHN to put the foot-warmer and the carriage rug in the brougham.

Mistress. Quite right; and now have you got my fan?

Maid. Yes, Madam, and I suppose you will want your opera-glasses?

Mistress. Naturally; how could I see anything distinctly without them? There is sure to be such a crowd. And, by the way, have you got me a packet of literature?

Maid. Yes, Madam. Three novels, and all the illustrated papers.

Mistress. If there are many delays I shall be able to pass the time pleasantly. And the luncheon basket?

Maid. Yes, M'm Cold fowl, flask of sherry, some celery, a pound cake, knives, forks, glasses, plates, salt, mustard, bread, and a bottle of soda-water. Is there anything else?

Mistress. Well, perhaps I might carry in my muff my pocket camera. 'Tis just possible I may be able to get a snap-shot at the principal character. (*Enters the carriage.*) You haven't given me my special ticket.

A QUESTION OF THE SENSES.

First County Councillor. "I'M TOLD THE *ACOUSTICS* OF THIS HALL LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED, MR. BROWN!"

Second C. C. (*delicately sniffing*). "INDEED, SIR POMPEY? CAN'T SAY AS I PERCEIVE ANYTHINK AMISS, MYSELF; AND MY NOSE IS PRETTY SHARP, TOO!"

Maid. Here it is, Madam. Shall I tell JOHN to drive to the Concert-room?

Mistress. No, no. Tell him to take me to the Court. I am going to assist at a trial for murder!

SEASONABLE SAYINGS.

THERE is many a slip between the house and the church on a frosty morning.

You cannot make a respectable tradesman out of a grocer who offers tips to a working-housekeeper.

You may take a dustman's token to a stingy man's portal, but you can't get him to give you a Christmas-box.

A dun in need is a county court indeed.

It is a long dinner that has no earning.

People who live in glass houses should not throw away their coke and coals.

Deal with the Stores and the private accounts will look after themselves.

A penny saved by avoiding an omnibus is a florin lost by taking a Hansom cab.

A single swallow never represents a family Christmas dinner.

Enough is often dearer than a feast, especially if you take the last at the house of a friend.

Send an acquaintance an old card about Christmas on Boxing Day, and he will return you a second-hand greeting on the 2nd of January anent the New Year.

Give credit at Christmas and you will find you still have money owing to you at Easter.

Christmas comes but once a year, and bores for the length of a century.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 11.—Remarkable testimony to catholicity of DICKY TEMPLE's mind that he should just now have been talking about Siam. Various other topics to the fore. The Featherstone inquiry; Matabeleland, in which the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE takes unfaltering interest; Betterment, and, incidentally, the Parish Councils Bill. Only TEMPLE thinks of remote, unfriended, solitary Siam. Wants to know when papers including most recent correspondence will be published? EDWARD GREY taken at a disadvantage. Wasn't thinking of Siam. Just been looking up map to find out precise situation of Kilia mouth of the Danube. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES been, so to speak, jumping down it. Suspects the CZAR of iniquitous intention in this part of the world. CZAR evidently thought the CAP'EN, being intent on the education of MUNDELLA in nautical affairs, would not have time to keep an eye on the Kilia mouth of the Danube. CZAR knows better now. So does EDWARD GREY. Spent quite an interesting quarter of an hour with the map, and came at last upon this particular outlet. Just congratulating himself that, as a rule, British rivers have only one mouth, when TEMPLE sprang Siam upon him.

"Do you know," said Member for Sark, looking admiringly at the great historiographer of Parliament, "I never see TEMPLE on his legs but I think of OVID's epitaph on the parrot. You remember how it runs in English?—

> 'I please the fair. So much this stone doth tell.
> What more? I talked, and, for a bird, talked well.'

"I have a theory, which, if you had time, I would illustrate by half-a-dozen examples taken on glancing round the House, that three out of five human faces have a strong resemblance to some particular bird. Not that I mean to say TEMPLE's like a parrot, except of course inasmuch as he pleases the fair. He is a man of tireless industry, sound judgment, wide knowledge of affairs, and has, withal, an old-fashioned courtesy of manner not too common in these days. Still, as I say, when I watch him addressing the SPEAKER the parrot's epitaph haunts my memory."

Business done.—Clause XIII. added to Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—To-night DON'T KEIR HARDIE, having left hands and face unwashed for an extra day, his hair uncombed for an added week, put on his worst Sunday suit and presented himself to House as model working-man, champion of the unemployed. DON'T KEIR's misfortune is that he has not succeeded in recommending himself to good opinion of other Labour Members. When he moves in House they move off; consequence is he is left to support of aristocrats above the gangway. They don't particularly admire DON'T KEIR, his ways or his cause. But, as TOMLINSON says, under impression he is quoting from SYDNEY SMITH, "any stick will do to beat a dog with." If DON'T KEIR moves Adjournment, and best part of night can be taken for making speeches, so much delay is interposed in way of Parish Councils Bill, and by so much is chance bettered of Government failing in their intention of passing the whole Bill. Therefore, though other Labour candidates will have nothing to do with DON'T KEIR, there are four hours talk, an odd quarter of an hour added for a division, and thirty-three Members, chiefly belonging to the Gentlemen of England, going into Lobby with the Leader whom ROWLANDS distantly alludes to as "The hon. Member for West 'Am," cunningly conveying by inflection of voice the impression that the cut is from a hopelessly inferior part.

Debate, on the whole, patchy, with hopeless air of unreality about it. Nevertheless, worth having, if it were only for speech of PRINCE ARTHUR. A scholarly philosophic deliverance, striking unaccustomed note in Parliamentary debate. Pity Mr. G. wasn't there to hear it. Or perhaps it isn't a pity. If he had been, he would have found the temptation to reply irresistible; at least another half hour would have been wasted.

Business done.—Reached Clause XVI. Parish Councils Bill.

LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 6. A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Thursday.—Spirits of good Ministerialists a little damped by persistent and successful tactics of Opposition. As JESSE COLLINGS said just now, with tears in his eyes, they are anxious, above all things, to see Parish Councils Bill added to Statute Book. Only they won't let it pass. Twentieth night in Committee; still not half way through Bill as Clauses count. Been sitting on Saturdays; shall have Christmas holidays cut down to 25th and Boxing Day; then begin again, with prospect of more drudgery, and, when Bill through, and prorogation possible, the new Session

Tay Pay frightens the Child.

of 1894, young, fresh, and lusty, waiting to be waltzed with. An infant in arms, looking in on House from peep-hole by glass door, and finding TAY PAY on his legs denouncing the Opposition, is deeply impressed.

Later, at period of apparent collapse HALDANE happily appears on scene. Not a man habitually prone to enthusiasm. No sign on his placid visage of storm-swept soul. Circumstances sometimes stronger than man. To-day they break away the icy barriers of lethargic habit. HALDANE, unexpectedly rising from behind the harassed PREMIER, calls upon him to stand firm, resisting all temptations to surrender. "Stage of situation reached," he said, amid ringing cheers, "when we should not halt, much less retire, but should press forward to the goal. Ministers," he added, sternly regarding back of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's head, "would be betraying their trust if they flinched by one hair's breadth from the declarations they have made."

His clarion voice cleared air of doubt and perplexity. Ministerialists elate; Opposition correspondingly cowed; the way quite clear now for victory; only sit tight; to importunity present imperturbability; let Opposition once know that, thanks to fidelity and self-sacrifice of Liberal Members, House will sit till Bill is passed, and obstruction will collapse.

HALDANE had saved the citadel; the rout of the besiegers only a matter of time.

An hour later WALTER LONG got up and mentioned interesting circumstance that HALDANE, whilst thus heroically inciting Ministers and the rest to hold on, had made arrangements whereby he himself would agreeably spend Christmastide in comfortable country quarters; had even extended his holiday up to 10th of January, when resumption of sittings of court would bring him back to town for private business. Many inquiries on Ministerial benches for HALDANE. Seemed to be general desire to say something to him. But he had judiciously retired from scene.

Sir Richard Parrot.

Business done.—Another motion for Adjournment. In smaller half of sitting left for business, Clause XVIII. of Parish Councils Bill reached.

Friday.—Everyone grieved to hear that SPEAKER has temporarily lost use of voice. Been absent from Chair since Tuesday. "How inscrutable are the ways of Providence," says the Member for Sark. "There are so many quarters of the House where the outbreak of such an epidemic would be a public service. Yet these escape, and only the Chair is attacked."

The House can ill spare the SPEAKER, even for a day. The whole atmosphere of the place, the tone of debate, are altered when his stately presence and commanding influence are withdrawn. Still, talk must go on, and there has been no lack of it to-night. But everyone is wearied to death of the monotony and reiteration. As PRINCE ARTHUR says in a moment of confidence, "If it were the only alternative, one would rather have a parish funeral than another Parish Councils Bill."

Business done.—Nothing worth speaking of.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME.

RISE at seven. Called by public bell rung at the nearest fire-brigade station. Light gas supplied from the Council's works at Beckton. Drink glass of cold water from Council's new reservoir in the Kennet Valley. Hurriedly slip into clothes made by gentlemen working an eight hours day at not less than sixpence an hour.

Fish for breakfast bought at Council's Billingsgate Market; eggs from Council's hens (warranted *very fresh*); also fruit from Covent Garden sold by Council's salesmen. We keep no servants, being now obliged to use their wages to pay rates. Compelled to open the front door myself. Surveyor of Chimneys, acting on instructions (received from sweep), calls to examine flues. Reports them foul, and notes me in his summons book. Council's revenue inspector (Inland Revenue absorbed) peeping through half-opened breakfast-room door, spies what my children call "a duck on stilts" engraved on a fork. Reports me at once for not having a license to use armorial bearings. Find in letter-box notice of compulsory purchase by Council for "allotment purposes" of a choice piece of land belonging to me just on border of county. Am privately informed that Radical Labourers' League have moved half-a-dozen good-for-nothing drunken chaps to apply for allotments! Mine is the only land that will suit them, and they intend to take it whether I like it or no.

Just starting for the City, when Council's Architect calls, to draw my attention to a sky-sign insufficiently secured to an upper window. It turned out to be eldest boy's socks, hung there to dry, as we have now to wash at home, or send to the Council's laundries which are relief-works for those usually unemployed in winter. Other casuals have turned barbers. I am shaved by one every morning, after slipping the coppers into a County Council "detector," which gives no change. In street, find the pavement up, "unemployed" engaged in moving "immovable objects by irresistible force," *i.e.*, a frozen road, at three shillings per cube foot; Council their own contractors. Tram at last, with Council-driver, conductor, and horses (all tramways absorbed), and then a penny Council steamer (Thames Conservancy and Steamboat Companies absorbed), and, having landed at St. Paul's Pier, trip over a hole in the road. Bring action against Council for damaged ankle. (N.B. Lost it later on. Council not liable for non-reparation of holes.)

At the Guildhall, find Labour Arbitration Court sitting. City and County been amalgamated, huge coalheavers, dockers, and others occupy seats of city fathers. Police outside useless. Their helmets and truncheons in British Museum as relics of Barbarous Age.

Having business at a suburban town I hire cab (Council Number 23,351) and drive to Liverpool Street. The progressive members have bought up Great Eastern Railway within the county's boundaries, and are working it on their own system—one class for all, penny fare, and no return ticket. The guards, ticket-collectors, porters, and others civil enough, but no trains running, in consequence of great strike having occurred amongst Council's engine-drivers and the difficulty is just being settled by arbitration at Guildhall. The men had struck for *want* of work and a general desire for "betterment." Thoughtfully walked back to the office, and arrived just in time to find an official poring over my ledger. He hands me his card, "Mr. INQUISITOR, Spring Gardens." Somerset House being absorbed, he says he "has just called to ascertain exactly what my income really is," and though I am perfectly civil (under pains and penalties of "civility bye-laws"), he tells me I must be "put up" next year. He departs, leaving front door open.

Got a cup of tea, very poor stuff, at the L. C. C. Restaurant. Walk home. No gas in streets, and the Electric Light (lately absorbed) gone out. Reached home very weary. Find on table demand-notes for Poor, Police, Sewers, School Board, Highways, Gas, Electric Light, Baths, Sanitary, Insanitary, Asylum, Water, Railway, Cab, Theatre, Market, Sky Sign, Bar and Gates, Tramway, Prisons, Restaurants, Arbitration, Establishment, Thames Conservancy, Submerged Tenth, and many other rates. Is life worth living? Ask the L. C. C.

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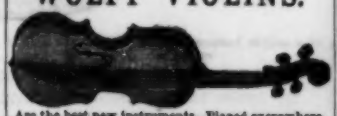

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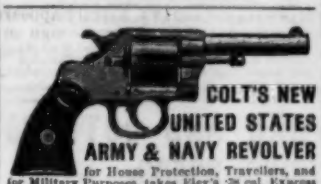

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The following extract from the "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:

THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old Screw," says: "I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hardened and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting-box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintances, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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"Beta" also offers £10 if 100 others will give the same amount.

Gratefully will even the smallest donations be received by the Treasurer, Mr. William Fowler; by the Chairman of Committee, Mr. S. G. Sheppard; by the Vice Chairman, Mr. Howard Williams; by the Founder, Dr. T. J. Barnardo; or by the bankers, London & South-Western Bank (Bow Branch), and Prescott, Dimsdale, & Co.

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